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FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

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Can We Test for Ethical Superiority?

By CLARENCE R. SKINNER

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Chapter XIII. By M. K. GANDHI

For a Jury-Referendum

By F. H. FOOTE

A May Welcome

By HELEN SWIFT NEILSON

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCIX MONDAY, JULY 5, 1926 NUMBER 19

THE FOUNDERS

We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations—evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security.

—*The Declaration of Independence (1776-1926.)*

The sesquicentennial celebration of the signing of the Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776, is an excellent occasion to offer reminder of the fact that this immortal proclamation of the fathers is a revolutionary document of the "reddest" possible hue. Let it be recalled that the American Revolution was exactly what it's name implies—a *revolution!* It was an overturn of established government by force and violence, like the later French Revolution of 1789 and the much later Russian Revolution of 1917. The colonists took up arms against their king and country, they fired on their national flag, they resisted the army in its endeavor to enforce law and order, and at last they dethroned their sovereign, overthrew his government, and set up an independent political power of their own. This was rebellion, anarchy, treason—made sacred only by reason of the fact that it was in the end successful. Had Washington been captured at Valley Forge, or Franklin been picked up on the high seas, or Jefferson been trapped in some British cavalry raid, each would have been promptly tried and hanged as a traitor. This nation, as Lincoln put it in immortal phrase in his Gettysburg Address was "conceived in liberty"; and, by the same token, was it brought forth in riot and rebellion, fight and fury. It would be well if our Sons and Daughters of the Revolution would remember this simple historical fact when, in the hectic fever of their 100 per cent Americanism, they denounce all criticisms of government as treason; and call for the silencing, suppression, imprisonment, deportation of any man who dares to argue even for a change in the social order. In the light of the Revolution of a century and a half ago, nobody is quite so truly an American as he who clamors for revolt against things as they are. It is one of those little ironies with which history loves to amuse the gods, that the patrioteers of our time are just the ones who, in the days of the Boston Tea Party, the Lexington fight, the Declaration of Independence, would have lined up not with the revolutionary and ragged colonials who supported Washington, but with the respectable and high-toned loyalists who supported George III.

The Declaration of Independence, therefore, was the expression of revolution in all that that terrific word implies. It stands today, one hundred and fifty years after its signing, as the most sweeping revolutionary document ever penned by the hand of man. It sets forth, as "self-evident" truths, three principles which lie at the heart of all democracy. First, there is the principle that "all men are created equal"—an idea sprung primarily from the spirit of the Protestant Reformation, for equality means in this case not equal talent, nor yet equal opportunity, but equal status in spiritual origin in, and kinship with, God. Secondly, there is the idea that all men, thus equal, are "endowed with certain inalienable rights," among which are "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"—an idea taken over primarily from the French Illuminati. Here are limits set to the power of government—the proclamation that, in the essential realities of existence, men are and of a right ought to be free, and that government must protect and not invade this sphere of right. Lastly, there is the assertion that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed"—the idea of contract, conceived and established in England in the days of the 1688 revolution against James II—and that when these "just powers" are stolen or misused, the governed have the right to change or overturn the offending government if they so will. Here is the whole law and gospel of democracy—that all men stand equal in their possession of rights received from

God—that the exercise and protection of these rights is the purpose of all government whatsoever—and that government as such belongs to the people, to maintain or modify, or get rid of altogether, as they may decide. We wonder what our 100 per cent Americans think of when they read this document, with its exaltation of the people, its blasting of all privilege, its justification of violent revolution against tyranny, or what the people may at any time believe to be tyranny. This Declaration is the Magna Charta of democracy —therefore is it the denial of everything that these patrioteers stand for and the vindication of everything that they most detest and fear. The Declaration of Independence belongs to the radicals of our time, just as it was made by the radicals of their time. Let our contemporary radicals claim their birthright, and use it for the liberation of mankind from new oppressions!

Turning from the wider human implications of the Declaration of Independence to its narrower political meanings, we count it a piece of great good fortune that the sesquicentennial anniversary of the signing of this great document should come along at just this time when it is so fashionable to doubt and even deride the ideas of democracy as a social form. The "war to make the world safe for democracy" let loose such a tide of reaction against the very institutions it was supposed to preserve that it will take decades if not generations to recover what was lost in that mistaken conflict. Mussolini is, of course, the supreme embodiment of this vast flood of revived autocracy. What is seen in Italy, however, is seen also in Spain, Portugal, Poland, Greece, Hungary, Roumania, and we know not how many other European countries. In Soviet Russia, with all its stupendous contributions to human progress, we must recognize the inevitable price paid in a repudiation at the very heart of the Communistic system of our western idea of democracy. The dictatorship of the Fascisti and the dictatorship of the proletariat stand at opposite poles, but for that very reason are they equally removed from democracy as we know it. And now, here in America, we see the same reaction setting in. Our conservatives bow down and worship Mussolini. Our Socialists abandon Socialism and take over not what is best but what is worst in the Communist idea. Our professors, like William MacDougal, beset by the witchery of Nordic supremacy, plead for the establishment of a blood-aristocracy like the feudalism of old. Even publicists of the Walter Lippmann type, misreading the new psychology, question ponderously the right of the majority to rule. These are hard days for democracy. As we look abroad, we seem to find few indeed so poor as to do her reverence. And at just this moment comes along the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, and we must all read and ponder and *defend* this document afresh! It is possible, of course, that this will be as inane a performance as the reading and expounding of the creeds in the churches. But it may be, also, that this celebration will lead to the rediscovery of democracy, and a rededication to its ideals.

It has been a long time since we took much stock in "the good man in politics" idea. Such shreds and patches of confidence in that Pharisaical doctrine as were left to us in recent years were swept away completely by the revelations of the Pennsylvania primary elections. Behold the noble Senator Pepper! Here is a man so good that the goodness just oozes out of him. Well-born, highly-educated, rich, aristocratic, moving in the best society and sitting in the best clubs, a churchman so influential that bishops battle for his favor, a worshipper so pious that God himself must bow down and listen when he speaks! When such a man goes into politics, the country is surely saved. So we think—or, rather, so we used to think. But we think so no more since the primary campaign now under investigation by the Senate. This good and pious Pepper sold his convictions the way of a junk dealer sells scraps of rusty iron. Stoutly against the World Court, he became its most ardent supporter when the political tide seemed to be flowing toward the Hague. Lined up with the "drys" on the Prohibition issue, he passed himself off as a "wet" where "wet" meant votes. Then see this good and pious Pepper using money in his campaign wherever dollars will count the most. How much did it cost the Senator to lose the election? Nobody knows! But the sum was well over a million dollars, and was used in ways that made Vare and his old-time gang look like so many "pikers." What's the difference between good and bad, after all, if it's simply the difference between a Pepper and a Vare? And why be good, if it costs the good man more to be defeated than it does the bad man to win? We only need a really first-class exhibition of this Pennsylvania type, once in a while, to show us that there's nothing in this "good man in politics" idea, after all. It's as silly a notion as the "righteous war" or "defensive war" idea. There was once a Roman senator—Brutus, by name—who was "an honorable man," but he murdered Caesar all the same!

We have no hostility to, certainly no fear of, the Roman Catholic Church. We search our heart in vain for any indication of prejudice against this institution and its followers. We have more than once felt grateful to the Church, as during the Great War when it seemed to us to be the only church which made even a pretense of fidelity to the Christian gospel. We have more than once defended the Church, as in recent years against the infamous attacks of the Ku Klux Klan. Yet, in spite of all this, perhaps just because of all this, we must count ourselves among those who look

with disgust and shame upon the exhibition recently staged in connection with the great Eucharist Congress in Chicago. Such display of pomp and power was not accidental; such publicity, occupying miles of newspaper columns, was secured only by the most careful, most up-to-date, most elaborately financed, organization of modern advertising. The Catholic Church, in other words, used this historic ceremonial occasion for a direct and highly concentrated "drive" upon American public opinion. With the result that prejudice against the Church will be stirred up all afresh, and more bitterness and fear engendered against Catholics than this country has known in many years! This exhibition, with its gorgeous cardinals, its military parades, its luxurious special trains, was in atrocious taste. It displayed the Catholic Church at its worst—its pomposity, power, priestly pride; it hid completely the Catholic Church at its best—its simple piety, its holy mysticism, its democratic charities, its heroic martyrdoms. Never have we felt so keenly ourselves the essential betrayal of the humble Nazarene, who "had not where to lay his head," in the organized hierarchy of Catholic Christendom, as when we looked upon this parade of the "princes of the Church." What business have the disciples of Jesus to be "princes"? There is something deadly wrong in all this, and our Catholic friends ought to know it.

A world survey showing that 30,400 persons were killed and 868,000 injured in automobile accidents during 1925 has been made public at Washington. Eighty per cent of these accidents occurred in the United States, and "the greater number of deaths (were) caused by careless and incompetent driving." We should be interested to know how many of these careless drivers were punished for their recklessness. Not that we hold any brief for punishment as a cure-all, but that it appears to be a part of the motorist's psychology to believe that nothing very painful can happen to him if only he can make the police understand that "it was just an accident." The understanding of the police is occasionally assisted by the exchange of what is commonly described as "a little money." One driver of whom we know is supposed to have distributed all of $50 in this way in a single evening of "snappy driving" on Long Island. That "money talks" is an axiom of the driver's philosophy. The fault is very largely that of the police and of the suburban magistrates, who undoubtedly find their professions profitable. We wish to be just to everybody concerned, but it seems to us that back of these appalling figures lies a series of unethical beliefs—habits of mind—that need immediate correction. No other mechanical invention has ever cost what the automobile is costing today. What might with careful use be a blessing to humanity is actually a curse. Are we never to master our machines, or must we do what was at last done by the citizens of Samuel Butler's "Erehwon"?

Can We Test for Ethical Superiority?

IV.

The two tests which have been previously proposed, namely: interest in, and love of the good, do not by any means guarantee the living of the good life. They are merely prerequisites. There may be many people who have a theoretical interest in ethics—people who will discuss the philosophical implications with great zest, who may yet fail to carry this interest into practice, and there may be countless others who, though they sincerely love righteousness, are not strong enough in will power to incorporate it in their lives.

There must, therefore, be measures which test not only the inward attitude and motive, but the outward act. We therefore propose for the third test the following: *The good life is the life which is harmoniously developed.* According to this norm, the various elements of human nature should have their adequate and rightful expression as parts of the hierarchy of a personality. An ethical man is a man of art, an achievement in proportion. The principle of balance is required in a good building. If one part is lopsided, if any aspect of the architecture is developed at the cost of any other part, then it ceases being a good building. In music and painting, in literature and drama, the same principle is recognized. Harmony of the essential elements, a sense of proportion among the constituents, is necessary to the production of any masterpiece. A good poem, symphony or landscape is built up as an entity. It has the organic quality in obedience to which each part has vital relation to every other part, and each is subordinated to the meaning of the whole.

So in building a good life a person should strive to keep clearly before him the meaning of the whole. Each act or interest develops significance as it serves the organic entity. When one constituent and subordinate element in personality becomes overdeveloped to the extent of dominating or controlling others, and thus preventing the harmonious development of the whole, a dangerous distortion begins. Life begins to lose its delicate adjustment and balance. The individual, which in his best estate is a marvelous example of democratic organization, becomes a dictatorship, and then follows rebellion, and sometimes anarchy.

Explanations in some of the fields of psychology have shown the dangers of disassociation of any of the aspects of personality, which easily leads to a pathological condition. In psychiatry, stress is laid on the

need of integration? An *individual* is one who cannot be divided. A self is not a mere mechanical assembling of selves, which fall apart under stress, but is the result of a long process of welding in which complete unification is finally achieved. This emphasis of psychiatry seems justified by results, and thus reinforces the old ideal of the good life as a life of harmony.

If this standard is accepted, then one of the first requirements of ethics is a sound body. This sounds strange to Christian ears, for we have inherited the monastic ideal and still do it homage in theory, though we reject it in practice. There is something revolting to many people in an emphasis upon physical health as an essential of spiritual life. The picture of the good man is still in many cases that of a lean and hungry monk who practices asceticism. We unconsciously obey the admonition which Browning puts into the mouth of the critic who is overseeing a painting when he says: "Paint the soul, never mind the arms and legs." In the past, theology has laid such stress upon the soul as a separable entity, that we suffer today from a neglect of the "arms and legs."

But thought is turning from a departmentalized "body, mind and soul" to a "body-mind, mind-body"; and we are emphasizing again the Greek ideal of physical culture and beauty as a basic element in the good life. A recent book by Prof. Robert C. Givler, entitled "The Ethics of Hercules," is significant of this modern change, for here he tries to trace the physiological correlates of the various ethical concepts; and while his claims will not be conceded by all readers, he certainly succeeds in convincing the open-minded reader of the existence of a close correlation between the physical and the ethical.

Therefore, we demand as a test for the good life, physiological wholesomeness. Of course, the objection will be instantly raised that many of the greatest religious leaders were ascetics, and someone may point to our modern "Saint Gandhi" as an example of the man who wilfully neglects or abuses the body in order to emphasize a great spiritual ideal. There can be no question about the fact that rare individuals have been able to dramatize certain virtues by starving and by adopting other features of the ascetic life. But they are rare, and two things may be said with regard to them: First, that they set up an ideal which may do irreparable harm to innumerable followers who are not great enough to imitate the whole life of the leader and who thus are capable of only the repressions, without the creative and sublimative aspects of a Gandhi. In the second place, while the dramatic method does unquestionably appeal and catch the eyes of the world, it is often practiced at great cost to the ascetic himself and perhaps he suffers mental as well as physical ill-health which we know nothing of. At any rate, he sets up an ideal and a practice which easily becomes distorted and which is almost certain to cause an abnormal view of life. *"Meus sana in corpore sano"* is still a true and safe motto. We greatly need to revise our pattern of the good life, picturing first a body of vigor and of robust health as the temple for righteousness.

This same principle may be applied to the mental aspect of living the good life. In the past we have not thought of ethics as involving intelligence; but surely in the modern world it is impossible to reach the noblest heights of righteousness without being also well developed on the mental side. Life is so complex that one cannot be simply "good" as if in an absolute vacuum. To be moral involves decisions as to what is right and what is wrong, and any one who has attempted to make such decisions has experienced their difficulty. "Mores" may have meant following more or less blindly the well defined folk-ways of a group, and thus there has grown a tradition that the moral man is one who simply obeys the demands and prohibitions of custom. But we sometimes need to challenge custom. New situations create the necessity of new standards. Everyone faces unprecedented circumstances and then custom fails to be a wholly adequate guide. It is at such a juncture that we see the relation between the ethical life and intelligence. Good conduct is reasonable well-considered conduct.

In recent years there has been a movement away from the Kantian and Spencerian conceptions of a "moral faculty" which differs from other faculties and which is one of the innate possessions of every man at birth. Some would go so far as to abolish the word moral from usage and substitute the word intelligence. This is undoubtedly going too far, as it is perfectly obvious that not all persons of innate intelligence are highly moral. But it does emphasize the close connection which exists between the two. The good man must either be intelligent himself, or have thought taken for him; therefore, ethics, which is coming to mean scientific morality, assumes a life of reason. The feeble-minded are an interesting case in point. Left to unscrupulous guidance they would nearly all become immoral. They are highly suggestible along certain lines and therefore easily become criminals. But put in the hands of good people who can wisely direct them, they may make thoroughly decent, law-abiding and useful citizens.

The good life, therefore, again involves the matter of living the harmonious life. It demands as an essential ingredient a certain amount of intelligence. It is not a blind, stupid obedience to custom, it is not a thoughtless plodding along a line of established routine. It involves the obligation to be intelligent.

And so with the other phases of personality, such as emotion and instinct. The good life is one in which each element is controlled, directed, held in place and made to serve the harmonious development of the whole.

CLARENCE R. SKINNER,

(To Be Continued)

Jottings

A certain interdenominational organization of religious liberals recently disbanded because "most of those who are leaders in liberal churches and their national organizations prefer to work along denominational lines." This strikes us as just about the saddest piece of news which has come to us in recent years. What cause do these liberals think they are serving which is worth more than unity?

Dean Inge has a positive genius for speaking truth. Here is his latest:

> Our (English) jaws still ache with our efforts to talk American during the early part of the war when we were plying the American eagle with lumps of sugar in order to induce him to fly across the Atlantic. . . . I cannot too much admire the efforts of Balfour (who is, of course, a Tory) and others to represent that the one aim of the Allies (including, of course, poor Nicholas II) was to make the world safe for democracy.

What education does for America:

Oceanside-Carlsbad Union High School, Oceanside, California
April 14, 1926.

Lincoln Wirt,
San Francisco, California.

Dear Sir: No damnable pacifist will get into this school while I am in charge. Try Japan, Turkey and Russia.

(Signed) George A. Dickson.

The proposal to erect in Washington a monument to Albert Gallatin is one which should be applauded by all Americans. Gallatin ranks second only to Alexander Hamilton as a finance minister; he was one of the few great diplomats in our history; he was the ablest parliamentarian and debater of his time. See his biography in the "American Statesmen Series"!

Stuart Chase says of the following paragraph, taken from I. L. and Barbara Hammond's "The Rise of Modern Industry," that "no better single paragraph on the industrial system has ever been written":

> Thus England asked for profits and received profits. Everything turned to profit. The towns had their profitable dirt, their profitable smoke, their profitable slums, their profitable disorder, their profitable ignorance, their profitable despair. The curse of Midas was on this society; on its corporate life, on its common mind, on the decisive and impatient step it had taken from the peasant to the industrial age. For the new town was not a home where man could find beauty, happiness, leisure, learning, religion, the influences that civilize outlook and habit, but a bare and desolate place, without color, air or laughter, where man, woman and child worked, ate and slept. This was the sullen rythm of their lives. The new factories and the new furnaces were like the Pyramids, telling of man's enslavement rather than his power, casting their long shadows over the society that took such pride in them.

Mascagni, the great Italian composer, says that "jazz" ought to be suppressed by law. Amen! In addition we urge that the people who call "jazz" *music*, be lined up against a wall and shot at sunrise.

J. H. H.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1926)

CHAPTER XIII

In London at Last

I did not feel at all seasick. But as the days passed I became fidgety. I felt shy even speaking to the steward. I was quite unaccustomed to talking English, and, excepting Mr. Mazmudar, all the other passengers in the second saloon were English. I could not speak to them. For I could rarely follow their remarks when they came up to speak to me, and even when I understood I could not reply. I had to frame every sentence in my mind before I could bring it out. I was innocent of the use of knives and forks, and had not the gumption to inquire what dishes on the menu were free of meat. I, therefore, never took my meals at table but always had them in my cabin, and they consisted principally of sweets and fruits which I had brought with me. Mr. Mazmudar had no difficulty, and he mixed with everybody. He would move about freely on deck, while I hid myself in the cabin the whole day, only venturing up on deck when there were but few people. Mr. Mazmudar kept pleading with me to associate with the passengers and to talk with them freely. He told me that lawyers should have a long tongue, and related to me his legal experiences. He advised me to take every possible opportunity of talking English, and not to mind making mistakes, which were obviously unavoidable with a foreign tongue. But nothing could make me conquer my shyness.

An English passenger, taking kindly to me, drew me into conversation. He was older than I. He asked me what I ate, what I was, where I was going, why I was shy, and so on. He also advised me to come to table. He laughed at my insistence on abjuring meat, and said in a friendly way: "It is all very well so far (*i. e.*, before we had reached Port Said), but you will have to revise your decision in the Bay of Biscay. And it is so cold in England that one cannot possibly live there without meat."

"But I have heard that people *can* live there without eating meat," I said.

"Rest assured it is a fib," said he. "No one, to my knowledge, lives there but is a meat-eater. Don't you see that I am not asking you to take liquor, though I

do so? But I do think you should eat meat, for you cannot live without it."

"I thank you for your kind advice, but I have solemnly promised to my mother not to touch meat and therefore I cannot think of taking it. If it be found impossible to get on without it, I would far rather go back to India than eat meat in order to remain there."

We entered the Bay of Biscay, but I did not begin to feel the need either of meat or liquor. I had been advised to collect certificates of my having abstained from meat, and I asked the English friend to give me one. He gladly gave it and I treasured it for some time. But when I saw later that one could get such a certificate in spite of being a meat-eater, it lost all its charm for me. If my word was not to be trusted, where was the use of possessing a certificate in the matter?

However, we reached Southampton, as far as I remember, on a Saturday. On the boat I had worn a black suit, the white flannel one which my friends had got me having been kept especially for wearing when I landed. I had thought that white clothes would suit me better when I stepped ashore, and therefore, I did so in white flannels. Those were the last days of September, and I found I was the only person wearing such clothes. I left in charge of an agent of Grindlay and Co. all my kit, including the keys, seeing that many others also had done the same and I must follow suit.

I had four notes of introduction: To Dr. P. J. Mehta, to Mr. Dalpatram Shukla, to Prince Ranjit Singji and to Dadabhai Naoroji. Someone on board had advised us to put up at the Victoria Hotel in London. Mr. Mazmudar and I accordingly went there. The shame of being the only person in white clothes was already too much for me. And when at the hotel I was told that I should not get my things from Grindlay's the next day, it being a Sunday, I was exasperated.

Dr. Mehta, to whom I had wired from Southampton, called at about eight o'clock the same evening. He gave me a hearty greeting. He smiled at my being in flannels. As we were talking, I casually picked up his top-hat and, trying to see how smooth it was, passed my hand over it the wrong way and disturbed the fur. Dr. Mehta looked somewhat angrily at what I was doing and stopped me. But the mischief was done. The incident was a warning for the future. This was my first lesson in European etiquette, into the details of which Dr. Mehta humorously initiated me. "Do not touch other people's things," he said. "Do not ask questions as we usually do in India on first acquaintance; do not talk loudly; never address people as 'Sir' whilst speaking to them (as we do in India); only servants and subordinates address their master that way." And so on and so forth. He also told me that it was very expensive to live in a hotel and recommended that I should live with a private family. We deferred consideration of the matter until Monday.

Both Mr. Mazmudar and I found the hotel to be a trying affair. It was also very expensive. There was, however, a Sindhi fellow passenger from Malta who had become friends with Mr. Mazmudar, and as he was not a stranger to London he offered to find rooms for us. We agreed, and on Monday, as soon as we got our baggage, we paid off our bills and went to the room rented for us by the Sindhi friend. I remember my hotel bill came to £3, an amount which shocked me. And I had practically starved in spite of this heavy bill! For I could relish nothing. When I did not like one thing, I asked for another, but had to pay for both just the same. The fact is that all this while I had depended on the provisions which I had brought with me from Bombay.

I was very uneasy in the new room. I would continually think of my home and country. My mother's love always haunted me. At night the tears would stream down my cheeks and home memories of all sorts made sleep out of the question. It was impossible to share my misery with any one. And even if I could have done so, where was the use? I knew of nothing that would soothe me. Everything was strange—the people, their ways, and even their dwellings. I was a complete greenhorn in the matter of English etiquette, and continually had to mind my p's and q's. There was the additional inconvenience of the vegetarian vow. Even the dishes that I could eat were tasteless and insipid. I thus found myself between Scylla and Charybdis. England I could not bear, and return to India was not to be thought of. Now that I had come, I must finish the three years, said the inner voice.—*(Translated from Navajivan by M. D.)*

M. K. GANDHI.

A Comment

Mahatma Gandhi, the Hindu mystic, who is seeking to lead his people into a capacity for self-government, has written his autobiography, which is being reprinted in UNITY, a Chicago weekly. In the midst of the mass of self-laudatory autobiographies which have been lately published in this country, the story of the life of this strange dreamer is particularly refreshing in its simplicity, its naivete.

The story is also particularly revealing of the fact that humanity is much the same the world over in its thinking, its passions, its hopes, its ambitions. The temptations that came to the young Hindu were the same that come to the youth of America or France. His manner of meeting them was the same as that of the young man of any other land who actually faces life seriously. One of the most striking features of the story is that in which there are given certain indications of the religious attitudes of the Hindus. Gandhi speaks particularly of this in telling of his mother. There is something, evidently, in the soul of humanity, regardless of the outward circumstances of life, which impels toward religion.

Gandhi's mother, according to his report of her life, was a woman of profound devotion to her religious ideals. She not only held herself strictly to the performance of the established religious rites, but she felt that her religious pretensions imposed on her definite obligations with reference to the conduct of her life. In religion she was much like any devout mother of any other land, and the influence of her faith seems to have been as marked as in the case of any Christian mother. She worshiped God, in her way, with a complete faith in God, and with a willingness to make godliness effective in her everyday conduct.

Christians are inclined to look upon the Hindus

as pagans, heathens, who have no adequate conception of religion. This is not true. From the Christian standpoint their religion may not be adequate, but it more profoundly affects them than does the Christian's religion. There are no more religious people than are these mystics of the Orient. Religion is fundamental, not incidental, in their lives.

It seems rather presumptious that they should be offered the example of the effect of another religion, claimed to be superior to their own, when they actually worship God with deeper devotion than do those who come to them as missionaries. It is true enough that in many cases the religion, much as it seems to mean to them, has not brought the best effects in the matter of everyday living. Conditions are not as pleasant or as comfortable or as happy as among the people who profess the Christian faith. This may not be the fault of the religion, however. It may be that these people do not need missionaries so much to bring them a new religion as to interpret their own religion in the best terms of human living.—*Miami (Fla.) Herald.*

For a Jury-Referendum

(The enclosed is intended as a reply (although I do not mention the book) to Mr. Walter Lippmann's "The Phantom Public." It is, in a sense, utopian, and perhaps will not be of interest. But I feel that the idea in its defensive aspect ought to be urged on the attention of all liberals and opponents of war. F. H. Foote).

. . . . and even the few questions which are left to the popular vote are decided by a diffused mass-psychology, not by individual initiative. This is especially true in a country like the United States, where, in spite of democracy, most men have a sense of almost complete impotence in regard to all large issues. In so vast a country the popular will is like one of the forces of nature and sometimes nearly as much beyond the control of any one man. This state of things leads, not only in America but in nearly all large states, to something of the weariness and discouragement that we associate with the Roman Empire. Modern states, as opposed to the small city states of Ancient Greece and Medieval Italy, leave little room for initiative and fail to develop in most men any sense of ability to control their political destinies. The few men who achieve power in such states are men of abnormal ambition and thirst for dominion, combining skill in cajolery and subtlety in negotiation. All the rest are dwarfed by knowledge of their own impotence.—*Bertrand Russell, in "Why Men Fight."*

Here is a neat little problem for the social psychologists and for the parliament-of-manists: If only half the people vote in a national election what proportion would vote in a planetary election? Without waiting for an answer to this question we are quite safe in assuming that anything that helps to relieve that cosmic feeling, that gives us a little less the outlook on life of a grain of sand in the Sahara, strengthens our effective interest in collective concerns. All attempts to shame and wheedle the non-voter into doing his duty break down under the extreme rationality of his defense: "I'm just one out of sixty million qualified voters. What's the use?" It is true the ratio 1:60,000,000 may be reduced somewhat by an expansion of the ego, but this is a matter for the psychologists. The student of politics will direct his attention to minimizing the weight of the 60,000,000.

From time to time somebody proposes a national referendum on this subject or that. So far these proposals have emanated only from liberals or radicals and have been pretty generally condemned by the conservatives. The attitude of the latter on this question would seem to be actuated by sheer neophobia, for certainly they can no longer dread the radicalism of the masses. Rather, it is the liberals that have learned to dread the sheeplike subservience of the common man to his economic superiors. On the face of it, nothing could be more democratic than a national referendum; nor anything more timocratic in reality. The poorly financed cause would be doomed in advance. Campaign funds would be the least important factor. Controlling practically all organs of publicity, the forces of reaction would have years in which to prepare the public mind. Controlling government, they could spring the referendum just when it suited them; and, quite to the contrary of an election on a specified date, they could shorten the time for discussion almost as much as they pleased. With the game thus in their own hands it would be strange if they did not sometime resort to a national referendum in order to obtain democratic sanction for anti-democratic measures.

And yet, even in such an overgrown country as ours, a national referendum could be made an efficacious instrument of democracy. Our jury system shows that, by the device of random-selection, a great mass of suffragants can be reduced to a manageable number and the principle of democracy still be sufficiently preserved. In the indictment brought against our jury system the charge of being misrepresentative is seldom included; rather the complaint is that the jury is apt to be altogether too representative. Now if twelve men can act for twelve hundred with no great loss in representativeness and an infinite gain in every other direction, why could not one voting precinct act for one hundred?

Divide, geographically, the voting precincts of the country into groups of 100 each. Select by lot one precinct from each group. Have the selected precincts vote as units, but make it a rule that the unit result must agree with the mass result (which as a matter of fact it would almost never fail to do) or that otherwise a new election should be held. Here is a case where bigness contains its own corrective. To be sure of getting a representative result in a state it would be necessary to select one precinct out of ten, twenty or thirty, depending on the size of the state, but with sixty million voters one out of a hundred would be enough. Even the vote as units would be dependable to within five or ten percent, i. e., a majority of five percent of the whole number of precincts would stand but a very small show of being overturned by the whole electorate voting under the same conditions.

Unit voting would be desirable for two reasons. First, it would relieve the voter from the oppression of numbers. He could feel that there was a not wholly negligible chance that his vote would decide the vote of his precinct and that his precinct's vote would decide the election. Second, it would minimize the possibilities of fraud and intimidation. It is usually hard for a minority or even a bare majority to pull off rough stuff or crookedness. For a preponderant majority this is sometimes quite easy, but under unit voting there would be comparatively little object in it.

It is of course impossible that the whole electorate

should vote under the same conditions or give anything like as well considered a verdict as the selected groups could. By reducing the number of electors from 60,000,000 to 600,000 a very poorly financed cause would be given a chance to make itself heard. But there are other perhaps almost equally important aspects of it. Since no voter could reasonably expect to have another chance to exert a direct influence on national affairs (for the selected precinct would be withdrawn from the panel until all the other 99 had served) he might, for just once in a lifetime, be asked to take some little pains to prepare himself to render a sensible decision: to attend debates, read propaganda on both sides, even, in rare cases, to read a book. Ennobled with the title of jurors, voters, in trying to live up to it, would develop a very different state of mind from that which a political campaign produces. The word "campaign" and most of the popular terminology connected with it implies militancy. Far from encouraging a juristic attitude on the part of the voter, one of the products of the political campaign is the word Mugwump, which may be expected to emerge from its obsolescence as soon as party lines again become rigid and which was intended to cover with derision and contempt all who did show any signs of adopting the juristic attitude. The voters in the selected precincts would be as it were on exhibition. Told they were jurors, they would make at least a show of acting as such; and as few people enjoy being real hypocrites and to become a Happy Hypocrite is within the power of all, the pose would in many cases deepen into sincerity. It would do no harm to swear the voter:

> I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I have duly weighed all essential arguments on both sides of the pending issue and that I shall cast my vote with an eye single to the good of the nation, without fear or favor, and so far as in me lies uninfluenced by religious or racial prejudice.

In the foregoing I have assumed that the rules of the referendum would be fixed by the friends of democracy—a highly fantastic assumption at the present time. The question of immediate concern for liberals is, not how they can use a national referendum, but how they can protect themselves against one if forced on them. For the reasons insisted on above, the forcing of such a referendum is by no means a remote possibility. Plebiscites and referendums have been used with great effect for the most flagrantly anti-democratic ends (instances: the two Napoleons). All recent expressions of democracy's will must confirm its rulers and exploiters in the belief that it can, by proper coaxing, be led to vote to murder its grandmother. It is more than probable that, sometime in the next few years, vindication for some particularly outrageous policy of reaction will be sought in a national referendum. A war with Mexico or Japan would be an admirable issue on which to lead democracy to its own undoing. In such an eventuality a very grave problem would confront the friends of progress, namely: Shall we go ahead and with our slender resources try to get our case before sixty million voters? With perhaps only a few weeks in which to do it, shall we try to destroy the prejudices and hatreds and false notions that our opponents, with their limitless resources, have spent years in fostering? Would it not be far wiser to let the referendum go by default in ninety-nine precincts and to the hundredth precinct say this: "We are up against the power of money. As the result of years of covert propaganda the great mass of the people are filled to the neck with our opponents' dope. It is impossible for us to do anything like justice to our case before more than a few. To you, therefore, selected by lot, we appeal, and, as a matter of honor and justice, ask you to act as jurors for the 99% of the people whom we are unable to reach."

It is to be borne in mind that, without a change in the constitution, a national referendum could have no legal effect. A moral victory would be the only victory possible. Now as a moral victory the verdict of the one precinct where the issue had been properly debated would far outweigh the returns from the ninety-nine where dissentients had refused even to vote. Indeed, returns from the latter would be meaningless; they would be merely the decision of Philip drunk.

With all the criticsms that have been passed on our jury system nobody has proposed going back to deciding law cases by popular assemblies. Now what a mass meeting is to a jury that and even worse sixty million voters are to six hundred thousand. The bankruptcy of mass democracy hardly admits of doubt. It remains to explore the possibilities of selected democracy.

F. H. Foote.

Stark Mad, in Asia

Let it be recorded for the sake of all posterity that one man living abroad has declined to come to this country on a lecture tour. The man is Mahatma Gandhi.

Gandhi is leader of the Nationalists in India. He is believed by his more superstitious countrymen to possess powers to stop bullets and make cotton grow on banyan trees. He has an enormous reputation overseas, thanks to a biography by Romain Rolland, to innumerable magazine articles and to constant identification of his name with news of boycotts and revolts in India. He could come to this country and be billed as a mystic, a poet, a weird Oriental and an ascetic popularity believed in certain quarters of his country to be the latest incarnation of the spirit which illuminated Buddha. He could come to this country and enjoy a vogue which would outshine the favor we could show to any other man in Asia. He could come to this country and, as we put it, "clean up" a thousand dollars on each lecture. He could come to this country and, as we also put it, "sell" India to the United States. He could come to this country and travel 4,322 miles, attend 6,177 teas and afternoon receptions, autograph 2,544 copies of his books and shake the hands of 36,111 admirers (male and female) who would say to him either, "Great stuff, Mahatma!" or "I just loved your lecture, Mr. Gandhi."

And he refuses all this just to stay in India because he thinks that he belongs to India. The man must be crazy.—The New York *World*.

A May Welcome

Five months of spring should satisfy anyone, but we are greedy creatures.

In Egypt all was green in December. Our windows faced a garden of flaming poinsettias, where bougainvilleas peeped over the tall iron fences and nodded at us, and wisteria canopied the gates, and its great purple panicles tossed in the gentle breezes.

In January the white blossoms of the cherry trees perfumed the air, and rose-colored buds covered the Judas trees. On the street violet-venders offered the purple hearts to all who passed. The gnarled apple trees were almost hidden by what seemed to be floating masses of pink tulle. The blossoming of the delicate peach and stately pear trees followed quickly; lilacs, laburnum, iris, tulips, daffodils, and narcissi made gay the gardens. As March was ushered in, roses and peonies added their beauty and fragrance.

March, in Sicily, was spring indeed. To be sure, some of the early fruit trees had passed their blooming. Almonds, young and green were upon the trees—too young and too old to eat. What is sweeter or more luscious than a green almond when the outer shell is so tender that it can be easily cut with a knife and the kernel is scarce more than the consistency of thick cream? But the fields—the hills—the edges of the brooks—yes, even the stone fences were a riot of color—a mass of blooming flowers.

How we wished we could transplant them to our wild-flower gardens. I often wish I were a magician, but I wish it more often when I come across strange plants, hundreds—yes, thousands—of miles from home. Then I wish I had the magic power of tucking them into my own wild-flower garden, with the certainty that they would love their new home and grow stalwart and beautiful there.

Pale blue and yellow flags edged the brooks and pools; reeds and cat-tails wallowed in the water. Willows bent down and whispered to the flowers or crooned their lullabies. Bees, droning lazily, hovered about the wild red clover, which is so much more vivid than ours. Tall strange flowers, of purple and yellow, blue and red, made the meadows bright. What pleasure to see the flowers, looking like patches of gold, growing in the crevices of an old Greek temple or amphitheatre which has stood on the hill-top for twenty-five hundred years! How at home they looked, nestling there! How proud the red cyclamen appeared looking down upon the scene from the gentle slopes close by!

Italy, in April, was fairy-land! The delicacy and perfume of the orange blossoms and the golden fruit amid the dark gloss of the foliage made us almost hold our breath as we drank in their beauty. Maples were in full leaf—bronze and green and red. There, were fields of red lupin grown as the Germans grow the yellow lupin, and used for fodder. In the garden were purple and golden pansies, tulips and peonies, their stalks and foliage tall and bronze. Here the wisteria and laburnum grew in profusion and the iris were great patches of "purple and gold delight."

France showed us a different aspect. How weird the tall thin trees appeared—a few scraggly looking branches at the top with huge clusters of mistletoe! One cannot fail to be impressed by the orderliness of the country. Even at this season, the underbrush in the woods was all cut away, no dead branches cumbered the ground. Men, women, and children were busy gathering it all, piling it into neat looking stacks, cutting and sorting it into bundles. The farms were well planted and already showing green. In the market gardens the vegetables were neatly set in rows and divided by borders of flowers—stock, larkspur, iris, foxglove, gilly-flowers. The cottages were bright with geraniums, forget-me-nots, and nasturtiums. Dwarf pear, apple, cherry, and apricot trees were trained neatly against the walls. The grape-vines had all been carefully pruned, and were already showing their first green leaves.

Paris was charming in late April; white chestnuts all in bloom, their flowers so proudly erect, and the pink ones just showing color; maple trees in delicate green or tender red leaf; azaleas in bloom—pink and apricot; rhododendrons, heavy with buds.

The parks and gardens were full of happy children and contented looking parents. Nowhere in the world do the children appear to be as happy as in Paris. There seems to be a great bond of sympathy between the younger and the older generations. One may see an old grandfather smoking his pipe, or a grandmother stolidly knitting, but with always a watchful eye upon the little ones building castles in the sand near by; or a nurse girl trundling a wee baby in a perambulator, besides a noisy group of children trundling their hoops. Ah! Paris is a happy place when the sun shines.

And now, late May in New England! And we really thought we had left spring behind us, on the other side of the Atlantic! How refreshing the rugged hills—the trees just coming into leaf! Here, the soil scarce showing, the ground covered with rocks, black in the rain; there, the beeches tawny and red; cottonwoods, tender and green—their blossoms so white and filmy that we seemed to be looking through a snow flurry; pines, still sombre-looking; there a shad in bloom; birches, their trunks and branches gleaming silver and leafless, except for a line of rose color soon to burst into leaf at the very top. Beauteous birch trees, I have missed you in my wanderings! When are you not beautiful? In your nakedness you have as much charm as in mid-season. The brave ferns, so proud and slender, are just unfurling their fronds. The sumac are leafless, with last year's withered bloom upon them. There, a trickling stream with clumps of purple violets and yellow buttercups close by; an aspen, its delicate green leaves quivering in the gentle breeze; an occasional red-bud tree, vivid against the green. Then an orchard on a slope, comes into view, a glory of pink and white! Is there anything in the world more beautiful than an orchard in full bloom? Perhaps only one thing—a house on the hill. Fancy watching the trees, cold and dark, almost forbidding looking, change color when the sap begins to run—then seeing the buds gradually swell and unfold; think of the joy of watching the orchard-orioles and the robins build their nests where the blossoms are thickest. Imagine watching the orioles and phoebes (as I have) having a battle royal pelting each other with the petals. How charming to see the grass carpeted with pink and white as the blossoms fall and the fruit form and slowly turn to pink or yellow or russet. If you are observant and lucky, you may even watch the fledglings as they leave

their nests. You may see the bees and butterflies—yes, even the humming-birds sipping honey, and the birds industriously devouring the insects. Oh, to live in a house on a hill, an orchard on the slope, a brook trickling at the base!

The gardens of the New England farm houses are surrounded by white fences, and tulips, daffodils, narcissi, bloom in stately rows. Bridal wreath, forsythia, magnolia, and Japanese quince are all in bloom about the door ways.

As we speed on past woods where the mountain-laurel is just coming into bloom, we find ourselves wondering if there are lady-slippers amongst the ferns and pine needles; is there blood-root behind the stone wall; are marsh marigolds and wake-robins nodding in the marshes. Alas, the train speeds along so rapidly that we cannot be sure. How stupid to travel by train this wonderful season! An automobile or a horse or a donkey or even Shank's mare is a far more sensible mode of travel. Then we can stop when fancy dictates. Trains are for cold or stormy weather. But we poor foolish mortals hurry through life trying to reach our destination in the shortest possible time. To what avail! What joys we miss! But *we* are drinking to our fill, such draughts of beauty as we can, and recalling those days when we have explored such places; or dreaming of the days when we shall.

How often we have returned to our "ain countree" and been astonished at its beauty! Our minds seem to be capable of grasping and fully realizing only the present. It is always a revelation and a joy to return to our own rugged hills, rushing torrents, sloping meadows, and babbling brooks, clothed in their spring beauty—a miracle ever new! Five months of spring—and one more month before summer really arrives!

Off to the west are the Catskills; between their tops, the sun—a great sphere of molten gold—appears. We seem to be looking across the intervening fields and woods at the sea; the hills brought to sharp relief against the sunset sky—as blue as the ocean at midnight—appear like huge billows. Then the sun slowly sinks—gold changes to rose and mauve, the hills, the sky, the clouds deepen to purple, and the night is here!

Morning speeds us through Michigan and into Indiana—the land of the Dunes. Here, too, all nature is tenderly green and expectant. The wild strawberry, with its white blossoms, straggles up the railway banks; miniature forests of mandrakes droop their leaves to shelter the waxen blossoms forming beneath. The mountains are gone, but orchards of blooming fruit trees cover the undulating hills. The Judas tree is in full bloom and spreads its rosy branches above the brook; march marigolds smile brightly up at them. A hawk cuts the still blue air and pigeons whirr about the farm yards. The farmer is busy turning up the soil and robins hop along the new made furrows. The dunes—land of surprises—where the arbutus nestles so cleverly below a tiny sand bank, as if to say "Ah, what's worth having is worth searching for."

My thoughts fly to my own wild garden in Arcady. What shall I find blooming there, beneath the spreading branches of my gnarled old apple tree? The hepaticas have passed, but violets, bloodroot, anemone and buttercup are surely in bloom. Are the yellow lady-slippers already nodding their heads on their stately stems? Have the pink lady-slippers which I had transplanted so tenderly from their home amongst the New England pines decided to bloom? Are the yellow belwort drooping shyly? Are the maiden-hair ferns uncurling their funny looking leaves on wine-colored stems? Are the Turk's-cap lilies showing green? What birds shall I find awaiting my coming? Will the new houses be filled with busy house-keeping couples? Will the woodpeckers, blue-jays, and flickers be fighting for their favorite holes? Will the bluebirds be flitting in and out of the scarlet cans, where they built last year? Will the clever orioles be building their nests in the swinging branches, where foliage is thickest? Have the humming birds investigated the gardens and appropriated the columbine? The answers to my questionings will not be long delayed.

HELEN SWIFT NEILSON.

Torch Light for Spirits That Are Free

The father died at dusk,
And so at night, because there was no moon,
His sons made feeble, human light
To guard their father's spirit
Through the ways his body knew so well.

Sunset was past,
Darkness had come intensifying superstition,
Making even the familiar fearsome;
But the spirit waited,
Waited to begin its endless journeyings.

Torches were lit.
And sounds of cymbals widened through the dark
Like circles on a pool.
The long procession started,
And within the circle of the sound
Crowd-voices made,
Somewhere, within the bounding of the light,
A spirit walked.

Torch light for spirits that are free!
Torch light for eyes that cannot see!

And yet, the sons believed the spirit needed this,
And so, wherever in his mortal life,
Their father had been wont to go, they went:
To the rice shop by the Four Wells,
To the tea house of the Double Happiness Pavilion,
Past homes of friends,
And to the temple where on feast days
He had lit the sticks of fragrant smoke
Before the gods he feared.

The sons walked slowly,
Bearing spirit light in careful hands.
At each few steps they paused
And dipped the torches low until they dripped
Small pools of fire upon the road,
Small pools of fire that burned
Long after silence had come creeping back
Like mist from out the clouds of dark,
Obscuring the night noises of the street.

The light of spirit fires
Woke five white geese who strutted dazedly
And blinked their yellow lidded eyes.
They shook white feathers, reared sleek necks,
And stood outlined against the night
By spirit fires from red-gold pools of flame.

DOROTHY ROWE.

For UNITY.
Peking.

Flower Strewing for Heroes of Social Construction

[*Editorial Note:* For the fourth successive year UNITY prints an account of the Cincinnati ceremony in memory of the Heroes of Peace. We do this because this ceremony is unique and we want to do what we can to spread its example. This year the account is particularly valuable because of the beauty and power of Mr. Bettman's address here given in full.—Editors.]

The fourth annual Flower Strewing for Heroes of Social Construction was held at Spring Grove Cemetery, Cincinnati at 8:30 A. M., May 31st, 1926, under the auspices of the Peace Heroes Memorial Society. The types of life sacrifice honored were represented by the graves of Clarence Smock, a factory worker killed in the discharge of his duties August 1, 1921; Daisy K. Williams who died in maternity November 7, 1922; Frank Hueftlein, a police officer killed on duty, April 18, 1922; Louis Tapp, a railroader killed on duty, January 14, 1923; and Joseph Schott, a fireman killed on duty, August, 1920.

The exercises were opened by a hymn beautifully rendered by a detachment of Girl Scouts. This was followed by the invocation offered by the Reverend W. C. Herrick, Junior pastor of Christ Episcopal Church. Following the invocation, Mr. M. L. Anderson, a colored citizen, prominent in Cincinnati Negro Welfare endeavors, read from the works of Horace Traubel, after which Mr. Alfred Bettman, a Cincinnati attorney identified for many years with large public welfare movements, delivered the address, the text of which follows:

As Memorial Day has been traditionally consecrated to the memory or praise of those who died in war, there lurks the danger that the purpose for which we meet together this morning, to give praise to those who met their deaths in the pursuits of peace, may be interpreted, even in our own minds, as being a sort of opposition to recognition of the virtues of service in war. This implication would assume that steadfastness or heroism shall receive a definition so restrictive or an appreciation so narrow in its range, that if we would praise the qualities on the field of battle, we must needs deny their presence in the home or the shop or other arenas of peace; and vice versa. Such is or should not be our purpose or the spirit of our tribute to those whom we meet to remember.

Rather let our meeting be a dedication to that larger all-embracing tolerance and sympathy expressed in the proverb that he who understands all loves all. Whether war be a passing form of human action—avoidable evil at its worst—or the necessary means to peace, yet those who have served in war, as leaders or as privates in the ranks, have given a necessary and useful service, have contributed devotion, courage, sincerity. The historical perspective of a thousand years is often insufficient for a sound judgment or a correct appraisal of the necessity or value of any specific war; but human experiences and the teachings of moral philosophy do enable us to choose, with some degree of validity, which human qualities and habits we may justifiably call good; and the sense of duty or responsibility, honesty of purpose or method, moral and physical courage, whether evoked by or displayed in peace or in war, merit their need of praise and recognition.

We would, however, not be wholly true to the motive of our assembling if we did not stress that, all embracing as are our sympathies with fine human qualities wherever and whenever they may be shown, there is implicit in our gathering a protest, sweet humored but firm, against that disproportionateness of emphasis and invalidity of moral judgment which would single out for resounding community praise those who die in battle or community camp, but leave unsung and ignored those who lose their lives in the lawful activities of peace. War may at times be necessary to clear the way toward progressive social accomplishment, but the activities of man in peace—in the home, in the factory, in the city hall, in the artist's studio, in the halls of the university, and the other manifold places of ordinary daily life alone can fertilize the soil for these accomplishments and bring them to fruition. And unless, on Decoration Day or other days on which the community selects those whom it will honor, the heroes of peace be placed at least as high as the heroes of war, we will be denying the validity of the moral standards which we profess to believe and will encourage only dramatic and exciting types of effort and discourage those less thrilling tasks which are essential to human progress and decencies.

Today we select some who died in the services we commend as symbols of the moral values of those services, and not because death is itself the exclusive or major evidence of worthiness. The workman who gives faithfully of his skill and does not flinch when danger stalks has the same fine conscience or courage, though he do not die in an industrial accident but survives to an old age and a quiet normal death. The fireman or policeman also, who recking not of his own safety, enters where his own highest conception of duty calls, is equally worthy of our recognition, whether the stroke of the Great Reaper catch him in the midst of his service or on a gentle though uneasy bed of sickness. The mother who bears a child and lives to enjoy health and contentment in which to rear that child, renders an equal social service and with conceivably, an equal degree of physical agony, as she who tragically gives her own life in the process of bringing another life into being. Death dramatizes these normal activities of ordinary-peace-time services and the moral, mental, and emotional qualitites which go into their rendition. That is why we choose this place to render homage to those qualities; and not because we credit or accept death as the only testimony of their presence.

Indeed we have selected the firemen and policeman and manual worker and mother simply as types or symbols of the manifold activities in which men and women have the opportunities to give and do the best that is in them and render a service to society which society should reverentially and gratefully acknowledge. For in the office as well as the shop, in city hall and public forum as well as at the conflagration or the haunts of crime, in the pulpit and school and marts of commerce, in daily household cares as well as on the racked bed of child-birth, men and women can and do practice a mental integrity, a strength of high purpose, a steadfast application of the best skill within their reach, and a mental and moral courage which constitute their moral worth as individuals and which, in the mass and aggregate, make up what is more valuable and enduring in the work of the world.

We might synthesize these reflections into the statement that we are here to testify to our belief in what is called the New History—the history which sees historical processes and events not in terms of great men or heroic figures or dramatic military battles or coronations but rather as the accumulated momentums, co-ordinations, and resultants of the daily works and thoughts of all the individual men and women who go to make up the human population of the earth. The famed inventor would not be possible without the accumulated bits of knowledge and ingenuities gathered and devised by the thousand obscure workers in the laboratories. The great general to whom monuments are erected happens to have played a dramatic part in realizing upon the labors and thought of many obscure soldiers and students who made his high office possible and gave him his opportunity and his weapons. The great literary artist can but add a fine touch and flavor of his own to thoughts and ideas which have welled up out of the human deeps of his time. The fiery political leader simply jumped into the forefront of a movement which was produced and set surging by the thought and hopes and determinations of multitudes whose names are not recorded. As put by Professor Albion B. Small, a leading sociologist, "It (referring to this history) presents civilization not as an ash heap of chance results, but as a vast co-operative exploit in which every sort of honest effort has reinforced every other—it shows how progress has consisted of the discovery and accumulation and preservation of values and it holds out the prospect that the long dimension of progress is not in the past but in the future."

We place the laurel wreath upon the every day fidelities, integrities, and courages of all who have these virtues,

however obscure their names or lowly their positions or quiet their lives or their deaths.

And, finally, we use this occasion to rescue or recapture the word and concept "patriotism" from out of the particularist and somewhat degraded meaning to which some of the attitudes and currents of our day have sought to lower it. There are those who would restrict the thrill of the emotion of patriotism to war-memories of war-service and exclude the equally if not more essential peace-time service to one's country, however civic or altruistic. Others seem to arrogate a claim to greater patriotism in the devotees of particular creeds or religions or to the descendants of particular racial strains; thus denying, though without honest acknowledgment of this denial, the fundamental American principles of freedom and equality. Others, again, unwilling to trust to the intrinsic validity of their views on deep reaching social and political problems or to the open and fair contest in the forums of discussion, seek, in cowardly fashion, to gain unfair advantage by claiming patriotism as the exclusive attribute of their partisan beliefs and purposes; unmindful, or perhaps sometimes unconscious, of the obvious truth that any opinion honestly held and expressed by an American can be neither more or less patriotic than any other opinion honestly held and expressed by any other American. We are reminded of Anatole France's description, in his "The Gods Are A-thirst," of the low estate to which the Marseillaise fell when one party in the state sought to use that stirring song to bolster up its own power. This Memorial Day, dedicating it as we do to the recognition of bravery and service in the ordinary walks and places of American life, may well be made the occasion of recalling that the highest patriotism is the doing and the giving and the expressing of the best that is in us devotedly, fearlessly, honestly. The title of patriot and the glow of patriotism belong to all who do this, of whatever race, creed, color, or opinion, however high or lowly their station, however martial or peaceful their contribution to the social aggregate."

Following Mr. Bettman's address the company proceeded to the several graves upon which they placed flowers. *Miss Virginia Kuertz, a student of the Sacred Heart Academy, read the following ritual:

At the Grave of the Factory Worker:

Thou toiler and worker, serving mankind with hand and mind, unto us hast thou set an example of brotherly love expressed in true-hearted labor. In thy death hast thou given us a symbol of life, creative, toiling life, and thus hast thou blessed us.

For the Grave of the Woman who died in childbirth:

O thou mother whose body lies low, thy spirit is near unto God Himself. Out of thine own heart thou didst give a child unto the dawning sun and thine own life, holding high its smoking torch and handing it across the abyss of death. We thank God that He gave us thee who art selfless love and deathless sacrifice.

For the Grave of the Policeman:

Thou guardian of our safety, dedicated unto the city's laws, for thee are these flowers of memorial. Staunchly and heroically didst thou give thyself unto the common good. In times of peace didst thou espouse danger that thy fellows might enjoy security. May the Almighty grant thee the reward of those who lay their lives upon the altar of duty.

For the Grave of the Railroad Man:

Upon thy grave, O brave guardian of the steel ways, we strew flowers. Thou too hast served well, and in thy service didst find the seal of immortality. Thy death has written a resonant "Amen" upon the aspiring prayer of thy humble life. Out of our hearts we thank thee that thou didst live and die for us.

For the Grave of the Fireman:

Unto thee, O courageous fighter of the flames, we render our homage, expressed by these blossoms. Thou didst brave the wild elements with sturdy heart. Thou didst defend the dwellings of men with thine own life. We thank thee for the gift of thy hardihood, of thy protection.

*The ritual parts read by Miss Kuertz are the composition of Rabbi James G. Heller of Cincinnati.

Correspondence

A Passionate Protest

Editor of UNITY:

I received my UNITY today and opened it eagerly, at once, as always. But at once I have to protest.

Referring to the Alabama horror, you wonder what would have been said if this story had come out from Russia. Let me tell you. So far as the radicals are concerned, it would have been ignored as long as possible, then in succession it would have been denied in vigorous terms, those responsible for it denounced as bought-and-paid-for capitalist liars, it would have been scoffed at as ridiculous, it would have been hushed up, minimized, explained, excused.

In fact, that is what actually did happen—what actually is still happening. When Emma Goldman first attempted to tell the world that all who ventured to disagree with the Bolshevik authorities were being ruthlessly and savagely suppressed, no matter how they had served in the struggle against the old regime, she was almost engulfed in the filth thrown at her as sold at last to capitalists. (In reality, as she says in a letter I have just received from her, the best paymasters are the Bolsheviki.) Those who now keep on telling about the horrors still continuing, are denounced yet as lying counter-revolutionaries.

You say, No horror has even been revealed in Bolshevik Russia to compare with this here in Alabama.

With all due respect to you and with all the civility allowable in such a case, I must tell you that you are either lying or else culpably ignorant upon a matter on which in your position you ought to be well informed.

In Alabama, the people so shamefully abused, are at least convicted, rightfully or wrongfully, of crime; their conduct has presumably been such that they have forfeited some of their social rights: the political prisoners in Russia, most of them never given any trial at all, are people whose social instincts are so strong that in spite of life made a hell upon earth for them, in spite of the apparent hopelessness of the struggle, in spite of their abandonment by those who should speak up for them and stand beside them, they continue to speak out against tyranny and oppression. And as yet, in Alabama we have had no mass hunger strikes, long continued, constantly repeated, no protest suicides, no suicides by setting fire to one's mattress while lying down on it.

The Russian Social-Democrats estimate that there are now 86,000 political prisoners in Russia—Socialists, Anarchists, striking workmen, rebellious peasants, disillusioned Communists. Nobody really knows, of course, how many there are. And one of the noblest deeds of these noble people is the letter of exposure and protest which in the midst of their own tortures they insist on having published in regard to the treatment of the ordinary (non-political) prisoners. I enclose a copy of this letter. After reading it, please apologize to Alabama.

The "Letters from Russian Prisons," to which you refer, let me remind you are published by people who call themselves friends of the Soviet Republic. When they were first published in the Bulletins of those of us who had struggled too long for a Free Russia—I have been active in the radical movements myself for about forty-five years and was deported from France thirty-seven years ago for an anti-violence, anti-militarist manifesto—to be content with a Russia bound and gagged, they were laughed at as childish concoctions. Now that proof after proof has been given, now that evidence in mass after mass has been brought forward of torture and atrocity, till denial is overwhelmed, what have we among the radical leaders? A loud and indignant shout of protest and repudiation!

We have an admission that the affair is unfortunate, we have a gentle expostulation, the Bolsheviki are given good advice about more humane treatment; we have Alabama brought forward.

By all means speak of Alabama. But we can have but little effect there. And we are certainly not in any way responsible. But had the radical leaders everywhere spoken out boldly and plainly when the Russian scandal first became known, the worst horrors there would probably have been stopped by this time. So long as the radical move-

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Tolstoy Museum at Moscow

In the Tolstoy Museum. In April the Tolstoy Museum at Moscow was enriched by the receipt of the valuable Tolstoy Archive collected by Vladimir Tchertkov.

Tchertkov had already in the 80's begun the careful collection of all the manuscripts of Leo Tolstoy, who had entrusted to his care the manuscripts of many of his works. After his exile from Russia in 1897, Tchertkov went to England where he continued to collect Tolstoy manuscripts. In 1913 Tchertkov returned to Russia and deposited the Tolstoy manuscripts for temporary keeping at the Manuscript Department of the Library of the Academy of Sciences. At the present time, at Tchertkov's request, the Tolstoy manuscripts have been transferred by the Academy to the Tolstoy Museum at Moscow.

The Tolstoy Archive is now housed in a special fireproof vault at the Moscow Museum where it will furnish material for the Tolstoy Jubilee Edition, of which Vladimir Tchertkov is the Chief Editor.

The Archive contains the manuscripts and proof-sheets of many of Tolstoy's works and a collection of over 15,000 letters received by Tolstoy from different persons.

Harmony Committee Recommends Program for All Peace Organizations

A "Harmony Program" for the peace makers of the country was announced today by the World Alliance for International Friendship Through the Churches. "It is no secret," says Dr. Henry A. Atkinson, General Secretary of the World Alliance, in making this announcement, "that the friends of peace in the United States are so divided in opinion as to program that the efforts of one group almost completely nullify the efforts of another. It is of supreme importance, therefore, that the peace groups should establish peace among themselves."

"The World Alliance for International Friendship Through the Churches undertook the task of bringing together leaders of the various schools of thought for the purpose of finding an agreement if possible. The Alliance took the initiative in this matter because it has expanded its program and its leadership to include the total religious life of the country and in carrying out its program has established a Speakers Bureau to serve the whole nation. The meeting was held on June 10-11th at the Chicago Beach Hotel and was attended by almost a hundred delegates—representative of all the churches and the principal peace societies. There was a wide divergence of opinion, which was emphasized as the proceedings began. A Committee was appointed to make a report on a possible 'Harmony Program.' That is, they were to take all the ideas and

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ment keeps on trying to have the affair hushed up, so long as letters in regard to it are refused, so long as radical leaders are mealy-mouthed about it, so long as they are afraid to use plain strong language in regard to it and to take up a determined attitude, so long that radical movement is in part itself responsible for one of the vilest chapters in human history.

Los Angeles, California. T. H. Bell.

A Constitutional Amendment to Outlaw War

Editor of Unity:

On April 22 Senator Frazier of North Dakota offered to the Senate of the United States a Resolution for a Constitutional Amendment to outlaw war. This Amendment was originated by the Women's Peace Union of New York City. It provides that it shall be illegal for the United States to declare or engage in war and that the Army and Navy shall be abolished. The proposed Amendment received the required readings and was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary. The proposal of a Constitutional Amendment is a matter of sufficient importance to have it widely discussed by the press, but this one has received little comment though the subject is the most important one in the world.

Immediately after the Amendment was offered a cartoon was published in the Washington *Star* which is worthy of notice from its misrepresentations and consequent injurious effect on the public. But before describing the cartoon in detail I want to inquire how many of you who read this paper know what is meant by "a basket patient?" Probably not one in a hundred outside of hospitals. Well, you have something to learn. People who know do not talk about it because it is so horrible.

A basket patient is what is left of a man after both arms and both legs have been severed from his body by shot or shell! To realize fully his helpless, pitiable condition taxes the imagination. He has to be washed and dressed like a baby. He has to be put into a basket, or strapped into a wheel chair, and taken from room to room or place to place. He has to be fed mouthful by mouthful. Think out bit by bit the detail of such a life! And bear ever in mind that it is war—not peace—that produces such maimed and wretched specimens of what once were men!

Was it colossal ignorance, and stupidity, or just plain perversity, that made the cartoonist of the Washington *Star* depict Uncle Sam bereft of arms and legs (like a basket patient) sitting in a high-backed chair? The dove of peace, bearing a tiny olive branch in its mouth was on the chair-back while a placard bore the words, "Surely nobody would strike a helpless fellow." A news note below stated: "Senator Frazier of North Dakota introduces a constitutional amendment to strip Uncle Sam of every means of defense, believing that it is the straight cut to everlasting peace."

Amazing are the conclusions to which a twisted viewpoint will lead its followers! Peace will never maim Uncle Sam or any of his faithful citizens. It is not the ways of peace that produce the crippled and helpless! Peaceful legal settlement of international disputes will strengthen, not weaken, our natural defenses. It is in warfare that the possibility lies of the deprivation of life or property or belongings of any kind—not in peace! Not only humanity would be spared the agony of individual suffering (such as basket patients) but nations themselves would be free from fear of attack and aggression! But when people have been educated from their earliest days to believe that wrong is right they naturally find difficulty in recognizing right for what it really is!

If our government now were to declare it illegal to engage in war and then would proceed forthwith to negotiate treaties for lasting peace with all other nations, it would be proof positive of that desire for peace which our nation so strenuously asserts. Is there a nation that would refuse to ratify such a treaty with the United States? The idea is unthinkable!

"There is no such thing as adequate preparation for defense," has been said in different words by many different persons who know. The only way out of the mess into which war leads us is to outlaw it altogether. "There is no international dispute that cannot be solved in the Council Chamber. There is no international dispute that can be solved by war." We peacemakers desire adequate self-defense. That is why we are unqualifiedly opposed to war.

Will the men and women of today shirk their responsibility and leave the children now growing up to face the struggle or shall we show ourselves brave and strong enough to outlaw war so that, freed from its course, the coming generations shall know the resources that life can offer for physical, mental and spiritual development?

Brookline, Mass. Lydia G. Wentworth.

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points of view and formulate a series of propositions to which all might give assent."

The members of this committee are as follows: Rev. Ralph W. Sockman, New York—Chairman; Rev. Edward Cummings, Boston; Col. Raymond Robins, Chicago; Father Peter J. O'Callaghan, Oakland, N. J.; Dr. Orlo J. Price, Rochester, N. Y.; Lyman L. Pierce, San Francisco; Carroll Sudler, Chicago; Bishop W. N. Bell, Los Angeles; Rev. John G. Fleck, Baltimore; Miss Katherine Gerwick, New York; Prof. James T. Shotwell, New York; Dr. S. H. Chester, Nashville, Tenn.; Prof. William I. Hull, Swarthmore, Pa.; Dr. C. R. Zahnser, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Dean Shailer Mathews, Chicago; Dr. D. J. Cowling, Northfield, Minn.

After a prolonged meeting this Harmony Committee agreed unanimously upon the program, which is now being recommended to all the peace organizations in the country as a basis for future work. The program urges the "outlawry of war"—making war a crime under international law—as the unifying purpose and dominating motive of all peace groups. It favors membership of the United States in the Permanent Court of International Justice "under satisfactory conditions," but recommends that America "be prepared through education and organization" to take a larger part in international cooperation. It urges the Government of the United States to participate in the extension of arbitration agreements and allied forms of peaceful settlements among European countries. It recognizes the League of Nations as the only existing world organization furnishing "a pacific substitute for the war system," and expresses the opinion that the United States should study ways and means by which it can cooperate more effectively in the activities of the League. It advocates taking "practical steps" to reduce armaments. It opposes "any tendencies which put undue emphasis on militarism in education," particularly compulsory military training in public schools and colleges, except those institutions established specifically for military education.

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